

so stands she next to
garaged Camry. Woody
radio asks how *tell Lady*

she smells? Now Budge
answering “Easy! Say
Jill-Ann you stink!

(more such areas than men:
who top you in PUTRID, not
Geography)” Takes “Woodsy

Scent” from oily shelf, and prom-
ises NO PEEK!” Then backs out.

“Maybe later?” laughs she
while pushing red thing down.